

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XV .- Continued

Fran anatched up the whip, and leaned over as if to lash the empty shafts. She had suddenly become the "We must drive out of Sure-Enough Country, now Time to get back to the Make-Belleve World" She If he meant to repay him with gratistood up, and the lap robe fell about tude her like green waves from which springs a baughing nymph:

Abbott still felt stunned. The crash quired of an ideal arouses the echo-"Is there no truth in the world?" Har yes Fran was here, Fran the adorable.

Fran, he pleaded, "don't drive out Sure-Enough Country, Walt long emough for me to tell you what you are to me."

"I know what I am to you," Fran referred "GH ap!"

"But what am I to you?" Don't drive so fart the trees are racing past like mad I won't leave Sure Enough Coun-try until I've told you all -"

You shall! No. I'll not let you take his whip-

I will take it let go Fran! Bless

ed darling Fran-"
She gripped the whip tightly. He could not loosen her hold, but he could keep her hand in his, which was just as well. Still, a semblance of struggling was called for, and that is why the sound of approaching wheels was drowned in laughter.

cried wickedly "Make-Relieve World of Every-Day, and some of its inhabitants

A surrey had come down the seldom used road-had Miss Sapphira followed Abbett in order to discover him with Frant The suspicion was not just, but his conscience seemed to turn color-or was it his face? In fact,



"We Must Drive Out of Sure Enough Country, Now."

Fran and Abbott were both rather red -caused, possibly, by their struggle over the waip.

On the front seat of the surrey were Miss Sapphira and Bob Clinton. On the back seat was Simon Jefferson whose hairy hand gripped a halter factened to a riderless horse; the very horse which should have been between the shafts of the Gregory buggy.

Miss Sapphira stared at Abbott, speechless. So this is what he had meant by wanting the air unstrained by window-screens. Studying, indeed! Abbott, in his turn, stared speechless ly at the led horse.

Bob Clinton drew rein, and grasped his hay-colored mustache, inadequate to the situation. He glanced reproachfully at Abbott; the young fellow must

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS ILLUSTRATIONS BY O · IRWIN · MYERS

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STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

Her look was steady, her votes such at Simon Jefferson whom he had himitle. Yes.

now that his fall was to be decided.

Abbett smild but take his fill of the

Miss Sapphira set her heavy foor

borse. We were giving him a lift, and

We are

find-should come upon- We are sorry to intrude." Had her life de-

pended on It. Miss Sapphira could not

athly you were not looking for Mr. Jef-

to the ground, "hardly so soon." At

any rate, he felt that nothing was to

that the borse that belongs to this

"This has been a terrible experience

"What was the matter with your

Simon looked at him sourly, "Didn't

Fran tell you that the horse got scared

at her throwing rocks at my cork,

and broke from the tree where I'd

"Mr. Simon," said Fran Innocently.

don't believe the horse was men-

"It would be interesting to know

he was struggling in his second par-

"Turn," said Miss Sapphira with be-

oxygen. It healed him by suggestion.

coming gravity. Robert, still under the influence of her thought wave, sol-

When the last buckle was clasped

fishing," said Simon. "I've spent my

time hunting horses, and being afraid

"Mr. Ashton took care of me." Frat

Simon cried explosively, "And who

Perhaps it was. He pounced upon

CHAPTER XVI.

A Tamer of Lions.

The life of a household progresses,

isually by insensible gradations, to-

ward some great event, some climax.

for the building of which each day has

Hamilton Gregory and Grace Noir

were in the library, with nothing to

indicate the approach of the great mo-

ment in their lives. It was Grace's impatience to drive Fran away even

before Robert Clinton should bring

"May I speak to you, Mr. Gregory?"

Gregory never missed a movement

of his secretary, but now he lifted his

head ostensibly, to make his observa-

in a low voice, feeling her way to "that

He laid down his pen with a frown.

Suddenly his missions in New York and Chicago became dead weights. Why Grace's "Mr. Clinton" instead of

seemed to equip the school director

her customary "Brother Clinton?"

"It's about Mr. Clinton," said Grace

the secret from Springfield, that pre-

it-it was the queen of hearts.

furnished its grain of sand.

pale from sudden resolution.

cipitated matters.

tion official.

Fran."

took care of him." He climbed in be-

heart," Simon grumbled, as snatched up the whip vindletively.

I came out here for a quiet peaceable

aminly drove her from the scene.

something might happen to Pran.

said reassuringly

inphatically.

preference for strolling

fastened it, and bolted for town?"

tioned once, while you were gone.

horse, anyway?" Abbott cheerfully in

buggy? Let me hitch it up, Mr. Simon."

for me," growled Simon. All the same,

he let Abbott do the work, but not as

be gained by staying in the buggs

"Why," gire ored Abbott, stepping

ferson to come back so soon

have withheld a final touch - Pos

this very might

drive, Abb.

Discord not far away, eyes gined on . Her humility touched him profound outk hands in puckets to escape mee by Knowing how unshakable werquition, can on buch, serencly fishing. her resolutions, he made a desperat-The had supposed the horse graving attempt to divert her mind: "That i near by enjoying semi-freedom with settled, Miss Grace, and it's too lathis grass. Now it seemed far other now to after the decision, for the wine Miss Sapphira had even tad school board has already voted us him telephone Hob to bring her hither, new superintendent—he has been sen With his own hands he had dug his his notification. Abbott Ashton is our of it, and it's all his fault. Bob was Fran, suddenly aware of her ridicu- the only one to stand up for him, but low attitude, sat down and began to be wasn't strong enough to hold his friend above the wave of popular opin Bob Clinton inquired: "Taking a lon. Don't ask me to interview Bob

for Abbott Ashton." Grace calmly waited for this futility upon her brother's unseemly jocular to pass; then with an air suggesting ity. "Unfortunately," said Miss Sap. "Now, shall we talk sensibly?" she rephira, speaking with cold civility sumed: "I approve the action of the Mr. Jefferson had to come clear to school board. It did well in dismisstown before he could recapture the ing Professor Ashton, May I ask about

tiad no idea-no idea that we should

"But You Can't Love Him, Can You?" Gregory Asked Brokenly.

Mr. Clinton? He urges me to marry what was," remarked Robert with humor so dry that apparently it choked him at once." Nonsense!" he exclaimed. him; he fell to coughing huskily.

Miss Sapphira gave him a look while

"It is not nonsense," Grace calmly responded. "He thinks I could make him a better man. We would work among the very poor in the Chicago settlements; maybe in one of your own missions. I often wonder if I couldn't do more good by personal

with a person like Fran always clogging my efforts." He started up "Grace! You go away?-And and leave me and my

contact with evil, than I can here.

Let Fran fill my position. You think she's the daughter of your boyhood friend it would give her posttion and independence."

side Fran and begrudgingly offered Ab-"No one can ever fill your place, bott the imaginary space of a third Gregory claimed, with violence. Him occupant; but Abbett declared his flames burned, lambent gleamed in his brown eyes. The of-"This has been a hard day for my feet was startlingly beautiful. At such exalted moments, thinking no evil be-The buggy rolled away.
"Mine, too," Abbott called after them cause ceasing to think, grown all feeling, and it but an infinite longing, the glow of passion refined his face, always delicately sensitive. The vision Fran looked back at him, from over of Grace, in giving herself to another, he lowered top. He saw her hand go like a devouring fire consumed those to her bosom, then something fluttered temporary supports that held him in the air and fell in the grassy road. He darted after it as if it were a clue, above the shifting sands of his inner showing the way to the princess' casnature.

"Grace! But Grace! You wouldn't marry him!"

Because she found his beauty appealing to her as never before, her voice was the colder: "Anyone's place can be filled.

"You don't care!" he cried out des perately

For Mr. Clinton? Yes, I admire his persistence in seeking God, and his wish to work for mankind, God comes. easier to some than to others, and I believe I could help-"

Gregory, aghast at her measured one, interrupted: "But I mean that tone, interrupted: you don't care-don't care for me. "For-" she began abruptly, then

added in an odd whisper, "for you?" "Yes, for me . . . don't care how much I suffer, or whether I suffor at all-1 mean my work, if it suf-She rose from the typewriter, slightly fers. If I lose you, Grace-

Oh, you will always have Fran." "Fran!" he ejaculated. "So you don't care, Grace . . . It seems in-credible because I care so much. Grace!" His accent was that of utter despair. "How can I lose you since you are everything? What would be left to live for? Nobody else sympathizes with my aims. Who but you understands? Oh, nobody will ever sympathize-ever care-"

"But, Mr. Gregory!" she began, confused. Her face had grown white. "Grace!" he caught her hand, expect- little between the poles and

Something about Hob?" he could feel its warmth, caress its shapeiness-and it did not resist. It trembled.

He was afraid to press it at first, lest it be wrenched free; and then, the next moment, he was clasping it convulsively. For the first time in her life, Grace did not meet his eyes.

"Grace!" he panted, not knowing what he was saying, "you care, I see

drifting madly beyond reach.

"But you can't love him, can you?" Gregory asked brokenly. Grace, with closed eyes, shook her

that confession? You won't go away, will you, Go!

Grace?" he pleaded, drawing her loser. She shook her head, lips still part-

d, eyes still closed.

will never leave me."

Her lips trembled, then he heard a faint "Never!" Instantly neck and to understand" brow were crimsoned; her face, alvoman's greater charm.

Hecause you love me!" cried Gregory wildly. "I know you do, now, I know you do!" His arm was about cause you love me. Look at me, Grace!

down by tyrannous thumbs. She tried herself? "What do you mean, Fran? to lift them, and tried again. Her face was irradiated by the sunrise in words."

glow of a master passion. Swiftly he kissed her lips, and as she remained today," cried Fran. "What I mean is

Suddenly she exclaimed blindly: "Oh, my God!" Then she threw her arms about him, as he drew her to his

It was at that moment, as if Pate

herself had timed the interruption, that Fran entered. There was a violent movement of mutual repulsion on the part of Hamil-

stood very still, the sharpness of her profile defined, with the keenness of eyes and a slight grayness about the lips that made her look oddly small and old. Fran was a dash of water prop

raging fire. The effect was not extinguishment, but choking vapors. wildered, lost to old self-consciousness, it was necessary for Grace to readjust emalf and only to those herself as well.

Fran turned upon her father, and pointed toward his desk. "Stand she said, scarcely above a there!" whisper.

Gregory burst forth in blind wrath: "How dare you enter the room in this manner? You shall leave this house at once, and for ever. . I should hear me? Go!'

Fran's arm was still extended. "Stand there!" she repeated. Quivering in helpless fury. bo

stumbled to his deak, and leaned upon it. His face burned; that of Grace Noir was ghastly white.

"Now, you," said Fran, her voice vibrating as she faced the secretary, go to your typewriter!'

Grace did not move. Fran's eyes resembled cold stones with jagged points as her steady arm pointed: "Go! Stand where I tell you to stand. Oh, I have tamed lions before today. You needn't look at me

so-I'm not afraid of your teeth." Grace's fear was not inspired by you care for me-don't you?"

"No," she whispered. Her lips were tion that she had done what she could dry, her eyes wide, her bosom heaving. not have forgiven in another. But for Houndaries hitherto unchangeable, the supreme moment she might never were suddenly submerged. Desperate- have realized the real nature of her ly, as if for her life, she sought to feeling for her employer. She stood cling to such floating landmarks as appalled and humiliated, yet her spirit duty, conscience, virtue-but they were rose in hot revolt because it was Fran who had found her in Gregory's arms.

She glared at her defiantly, "Yes," said Fran somberly, "that's my profession. Hon-taming. I'm the ead-what harm could there be in World-Pamous Fran Nonpareil. Go to your typewriter, Grace Noir, I say-

Grace could not speak without filling every word with concentrated "You wicked little spy, your hate: evil nature won't let you see anything Speak to me, Grace. Tell me you but evil in the fruits of your caves dropping. You misjudge simply because it would be impossible for you

"I see by your face that you underways superb, became enchanting. The stand—pity you hadn't waked up long dignity of the queen was lost in the ago." Fran looked from one to the other with a dark face,

"I understand nothing of what you imagine you know," Grace said stam-meringly. "I haven't committed a You will never leave me be crime. Stop looking at me as if I had do you hear?" Her tone was pasrace!" sionate: "I am what I have always been—" Did she say that to reassure "I am what I have always I command you to put your suspicious

motionless, he kissed her again and that you're to leave the bouse this day.

"I shall not leave this bouse, unless Mr. Gregory orders it. It would be admitting that I've done wrong, and I am what I have always been. What you I will say this much, that 64.W it shall never happen again. But noth-

ing has happened that you think, little impostor, with your evil mind I am what I have always been. And ton Gregory and his secretary. Fran I'm going to prove that you are an impostor in a very short time."

Fran turned to Hamilton Gregory "Tell her to go," she said threatening "Tell her she must. Order it. You know what I mean when I say she must go, and she needn't show her claws at me. I don't go into the cage

without my whip. Tell her to go." He turned upon Fran, pushed to utter desperation. "No-you shall go!" be said between clenched teeth.

"Yes!" exclaimed Grace. It was a hiss of triumphant hate. Fran lost control over herself "Do

you think, knowing what I know, that I'll stand quietly by and see you disgrace your wife as you disgraced Do you think I'll let you have this Grace Noir for your be the third— Do you think I've come have driven you out long ago. Do you out of your past life to fold my hands?

I tell you plainly that I'll ruin you with that secret before I'll let you have this woman."

CTO BE CONTINUED.)



Some Facts Not Generally Known. But of Interest to the Man Who Admires Nature.

Not only is the sea the reservoir into which all rivers run, but it is the square yard. cistern that finally catches all the houses. turned, there would, it is figured, be reduced to half its present width. depth of the ocean is three miles. At a depth of about 3,500 feet the

temperature is uniform, varying but with formidable powers. Gregory has tened to put him where he belonged. he had hourly admired at its work; he in many deep bays the water begins

SCIENTISTS TELL OF THE SEA to freeze at the bottom before it does at the surface.

At that depth waves are not felt. The force of waves is in proportion to their height. It is said that the sea strikes upon certain rocks with the force of seventeen tons for each

The pressure of water increases rain that falls, not merely upon its with the depth. One mile down this own surface, but upon the surface of pressure is reckoned at more than a the land and upon the roofs of our ton to the square inch-in other It has been calculated that words, more than 133 times the preseach year a layer of the entire sea sure of the atmosphere. The depth of fourteen feet thick is taken up into the sea presents some interesting the clouds. This vapor is fresh, and, considerations. If, it is claimed by if all the water could be removed in one authority, the Atlantic ocean the same way, none of it being re- were lowered 6,564 feet, it would be left a layer of pure salt 230 feet high it were lowered a little more than on the bed of the Atlantic. These fig. three miles the result would be dry three miles the result would be dry ures are based upon the assumption land all the way between Newfoundthat three feet of water contain one land and Ireland. If the Mediter-inch of salt, and that the average ranean were lowered 660 feet, Africa would be joined to Italy, and three separate seas would remain

> Wins Rich Husband, A pretty girl, a bit of banana pe a gallant young man to the rescue, and

DID DRAW THE LINE AT THAT

After All, There Was Something the Victorious Insurgents Would Not Be Guilty Of.

The successful revolutionist (for that month) leaned back in his chair. "While you correspondents have been reasonably accurate in your accounts," he remarked, "you have overlooked some of our goods points. We acknowledge capturing the insurgent general, starving him a week, beating him regularly, cutting off his ears and

finally banishing him, but—"
He paused that the force of the remight be fully feit.

"When you say we have been inhuman and given to extreme cruelty, you overdraw it. We haven't even hinted at running him for vice-president"-New York Evening Post.

ECZEMA ON BACK AND CHEST

Pierson, N. Dakota.-"The eczema started on my scaip. It finally went on to the back of my neck, then on to my back, arms and chest. It broke out in pimples first and then seemed to run together in some places, making a sore about the size of a dime. At times the itching and burning were so intense that it seemed unbearable. The more I scratched it the worse it became, and there would be a slight discharge from it, especially on my scalp, so as to make my hair matted and aticky close to the scalp. The hair was dry, lifeless and thin. My hair was falling so terribly that I had begun to despair of ever finding relief. My clothing irritated the cruption on my back. The affected parts were almost a solid scab.

"I had been bothered with eczema for about a year and a half. Then I began using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used them daily for two months and I was cured." (Signed) Miss Mildred Dennis, Apr. 30, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

Unconquerable Cat.

There is just one animal man has never conquered, never can conquer. Centuries ago every other beast be came the slave of man or else fied far from human habitation. One and one only refused to flee or to submit. This only exception to a world of servants and of scared enemies is the domestic cat. When some animals became man's slaves and others fled from him, the cat did neither. It simply took all the favors and advantages man had to offer, and refused to do one lick of work in exchange. Beat a dog and he will fawn on you Beat a cat and it will attack you and then desert you. You can't conquer the cat. You can't make it work.

in Plunkville.

"Why do you keep your jail barri-caded so strongly? These tramps dor't want to get out."
"I know that," said the constable,

but there's plenty want to slip in."

Getting Some Business.

"Is your son, the young doctor, get-ting any business?"

'Yes; he did very nicely during the green apple season, and he says the football season promises well."

His Weakness. She-He does not seem to be a brilliant conversationalist.

He-No: unfortunately, he can't talk on any subject unless he knows something about it.-Puck.

Never Quit.

doctors used to bleed patients for most of the dis-CARCH.

"They still do, my boy; they still do."-Detroit Free Press.

Test of Temper. "Cows are placid animals."

"Indeed they are! Observe what pa-tience and forbearance they show when thumped in the ribs by flying golf balls."

Never Can Tell,

"What have we here?" 'Mob chasing a murderer."

'Ah, yes. To hang him or to crown him with laurels which he is too modest to accept?"

In the Natural Order.

"I saw Billy at the party trying to kiss that fat girl. Did she let him?" "Well, she offered a stout resistance."

No Risk.

Doctor-Have you any of that run down condition? Patient-No. I can dodge all the nutos.

Disquieting.

"Mamma, why did you marry papa?" "So you've begun to wonder, too?"-

Pain in Back and Rheumatism

are the daily torment of thousands. To effectually cure these troubles you must remove the cause. Foley Kidney Pills begin to work for you from the first dose, and ex-ert so direct and beneficial an action in the kidneys and bladder that the pain and torment of kidney trouble soon disappears.

FOR SALE in small tracts, thinks notes richest drained southeast Missouri no Mississippi Riverfloods 22.60 per acre; easy terms. Gener, San Samble, Nestrolle, 28.



But Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUCHS AND COL